

HORACE: 9

OF THE

ART of POETRY:

A

POEM.

BY THE

Earl of ROSCOMMON.

L O N D O N:

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THE PREFACE.

I Have seldom known a Trick succeed, and will put none upon the Reader; but tell him plainly, that I think it could never be more seasonable than now, to lay down such Rules, as if they be observ'd, will make Men write more correctly, and judge more discreetly: But Horace must be read seriously, or not at all, for else the Reader won't be the better for him, and I shall have lost my Labour. I have kept as close as I could, both to the Meaning, and the Words of the Author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive, if he were alive; and I have often ask'd my self that Question. I know this is a Field,

Per quem Magnus Equos Arunci flexit Alumnus.

But with all the respect due to the Name of Ben Johnson, to which no Man pays more Veneration than I, it cannot be deny'd, that the constraint of Rhyme, and a literal Translation, (to which Horace in this Book declares himself an Enemy) has made him want a Comment in many Places.

My chief Care has been to write intelligibly, and where the Latin was obscure, I have added a Line or two to explain it.

I am below the Envy of the Criticks, but if I durst, I would beg them to remember, that Horace ow'd his Favour and his Fortune to the Character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanius & Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that in their Golden Age, there was a good Understanding among the Ingenious, and those who were the most esteem'd, the best Natur'd.

ROSCOMMON.

Horace of the Art of Poetry, &c.

IF in a Picture (*Piso*) you should see
 A handsome Woman with a Fishes Tail,
 Or a Man's Head upon a Horse's Neck,
 Or Limbs of Beasts of the most different Kinds,
 Cover'd with Feathers of all sorts of Birds,
 Wou'd you not laugh, and think the Painter mad?
 Trust me, that Book is as ridiculous,
 Whose incoherent Stile (like sick Mens Dreams)
 Varies all Shapes, and mixes all Extreame.
 Painters and Poets have been still allow'd,
 Their Pencils, and their Fancies unconfin'd.
 This Priviledge we freely give and take;
 But Nature, and the Common Laws of Sense,
 Forbid to reconcile *Antipathies*,
 Or make a Snake engender with a Dove,
 And hungry Tygers court the tender Lambs:
 Some that at first have promis'd mighty things,
 Applaud themselves when a few florid Lines
 Shine through the insipid Dulness of the rest:
 Here they describe a Temple, or a Wood,
 Or Streams that through delightful Meadows run,
 And there the Rainbow, or the rapid *Rhine*;
 But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,
 And are as much to seek in other things,
 as he that only can design a Tree,
 Would be to draw a Shipwreck, or a Storm;
 When you begin with so much Pomp and Show,
 Why is the End so little and so low?
 Be what you will, so you be still the same.
 Most Poets fall into the grossest Faults,
 Deluded by a seeming Excellence:
 By striving to be short, they grow obscure,

And

And when they would write smoothly, they want
(Strength,

Their Spirits sink ; while others, that affect
A lofty Stile, swell to a Tympany ;
Some timorous VVretches start at every blast,
And fearing Tempest, dare not leave the Shore ;
Others in Love with wild Variety,
Draw Boars in VVaves, and Dolphins in a VVood.
Thus fear of Erring, join'd with want of Skill,
Is a most certain way of Erring still.
The meanest VVorkman in the *Emilian* Square,
May grave the Nails, or imitate the Hair,
But cannot finish what he hath begun ;
VVhat is there more ridiculous than he ?
For one or two good Features in a Face,
VVhere all the rest are scandalously ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.
Let Poets match their Subject to their Strength,
And often try what VVeight they can support,
And what their Shoulders are too weak to bear,
After a serious and judicious Choice,
Method and Eloquence will never fail ;
As well the Force as Ornament of Verse,
Consists in choosing a fit time for things,
And knowing when a Muse should be indulg'd
In her full Flight, and when she should be curb'd.
VVords must be chosen, and be plac'd with Skill,
You gain your Point, if your industrious Art
Can make unusual VVords easie and plain ;
But (if you write of things abstruse or new)
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
(So it be seldom and discreetly done)
But he that hopes to have new VVords allow'd,
Must so derive them from the *Græcian* Spring,
As they may seem to flow without Constraint.
Can an impartial Reader discommend
In *Varus*, or in *Virgil*, what he likes ?

In *Plautus* or *Cæcilius* ; VVhy should I
 Be envy'd for the little I invent,
 VVhen *Ennius* and *Cato*' copious Stile
 Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our Tongue ?
 Men ever had, and ever will have leave,
 To coin new Words well suited to the Age:
 Words are like Leaves, some wither every year,
 And every year a younger Race succeeds.
 Death is a Tribute all things owe to Fate ;
 The *Lucrine Mole* (*Cæsar*'s stupendous VVork)
 Protects our Navies from the raging North ;
 And (since *Cetbegus* drain'd the *Pontin Lake*)
 VVe Plow and Reap where former Ages row'd.
 See how the *Tyber* whose licentious VVaves.
 So often overflow'd the neighbouring Fields,
 Now runs a smooth and inoffensive Course,
 Confind'd by our great Emperor's Command,
 Yet this and they and all will be forgot ;
 VVhy then should VVords challenge Eternity,
 VVhen greatest Men, and greatest Actions die ?
 Use may revive the obsolete VVords,
 And banish those that now are most in Vogue :
 Use is the Judge, the Law, and Rule of Speech.
Homer first taught the VVorld in Epick Verse,
 (To write of great Commanders, and of Kings,
 Elegies were at first design'd for Grief,
 Though now we use them to express our Joy)
 But to whose Muse we owe that sort of Verse,
 Is undecided by the Men of Skill.
 Rage with Iambicks, arm'd *Archilocus*
 Numbers for Dialogue and Action fit,
 And Favourites of the Dramatick Muse.
 Fierce, Lofty, Rapid, whose commanding Sound
 Awes the tumultuous Noises of the Pit,
 And whose peculiar Province is the Stage.
 Gods, Heroes, Conquerors, Olympick Crowns,
 Love's pleasing Cares, and the free Joys of VVine,
 Are proper Subjects for the Lyrick Song.

VVhy is he Honour'd with a Poet's Name,
 VVo neither knows, nor would observe a Rule :
 And chuses to be ignorant and proud,
 Rather than own his Ignorance and learn.
 Let every thing have its due Place and Time.
 A Comick Subject loves an humble Verse.
Thyestes scorns a low and Comick Stile :
 Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her Voice,
 And *Chremes* be allow'd to foam and rail :
 Tragedians too, lay by their State to grieve :
Peleus and *Telephus* exil'd and poor,
 Forget their swelling, and Gigantick VVords.
 He that would have Spectators share his Grief,
 Must write not only well, but movingly,
 And raise Mens Passions to what height he will,
 VVe VVeep and Laugh, as we see others do,
 He only makes me sad, who shews the way,
 And first is sad himself, then (*Telephus*)
 I feel the VVeight of your Calamities,
 And fancy all your Miseries my own ;
 But if you act them ill, I sleep or laugh :
 Your looks must needs alter, as your Subject does.
 From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe,
 For Nature forms, and softens us within,
 And writes our Fortuns Changes in our Face.
 Pleasure enchants, impetuous Rage transports,
 And Grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd Soul,
 And these are ill interpreted by Speech ;
 But he whose VVords and Fortunes disagree,
 Absurd, unpitied, grows a publick Jest.
 Observe the Characters of those that speak,
 VVhether an honest Servant, or a Cheat ;
 Or one whose Blood boils in his youthful Veins,
 Or a grave Matron, or a busie Nurse,
 Extorting Merchants, careful Husbandmen,
Argives, or *Thebens*, *Asians*, or *Greeks*,
 Follow Report, or feign coherent things,
 Describe *Achilles*, as *Achilles* was.

Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,
 Scorning all Judges, and all Law but Arms:
Medæa must be all Revenge and Blood,
Ino all Tears, *Ixion* all Deceit,
Io must wander, and *Orestes* mourn:
 If your bold Muse dare tread unbeaten Paths,
 And bring new Characters upon the Stage,
 Be sure you keep them up to their first Height.
 New Subjects are not easily explain'd,
 And you had better chuse a well-known theme,
 Than trust to an Invention of your own;
 For what originally others writ,
 May be so well disguis'd, and so improv'd,
 That with some Justice it may pass for yours:
 But then you must not copy trivial things,
 Nor Word for Word too faithfully translate,
 Nor (as some servile Imitators do)
 Prescribe at first such strict uneasy Rules,
 As they must ever slavishly observe,
 Or all the Laws of Decency renounce:
 Begin not as th' old Poetaster did,
 (*Troy's famous War, and Priam's Fate, I sing*)
 In what will all this Ostentation end?
 The labouring Mountain scarce brings forth a Mouse:
 How far is this from the *Meonian* Stile?
 Muse, speak the Man, who since the Siege of Troy,
 So many Towns, such change of Manners saw.
 One with a Flash begins, and ends in Smoak,
 The other out of Smoak, brings glorious light,
 And (without raising Expectation high)
 Surprizes us with darling Miracles,
 The bloody *Lestrygon's* inhuman Feasts,
 With all the Monsters of the Land and Sea;
 How *Scylla* bark'd, and *Polyphemus* roar'd:
 He doth not trouble us with *Leda's* Eggs;
 When he begins to write the *Trojan* War;
 Nor writing the Return of *Diomed*,
 Go back as far as *Meleager's* Death.

Nothing is idle, each judicious Line
 Insensibly acquaints us with the Plot ;
 He chooseth only what he can improve,
 And Truth and Fiction are so aptly mix'd,
 That all seems uniform, and of a Piece.
 Now hear what every Auditor expects ;
 If you intend that he should stay to hear
 The Epilogue, and see the Curtain fall,
 Mind how our Tempers alter with our Years,
 And by those Rules, from all your Characters :
 One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,
 Loves childish Plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,
 And changes every Hour his wavering Mind.
 A Youth that first casts off his Tutor's Yoke,
 Loves Horses, Hounds, and Sports, and Exercise,
 Prone to all Vice, impatient of Reproof,
 Proud, Careless, Fond, Inconstant, and Profuse.
 Gain and Ambition rule our riper Years,
 And make us Slaves to Interest and Power.
 Old Men are only walking Hospitals,
 Where all Defects, and all Diseases croud
 With restless Pain, and more tormenting Fear,
 Lazy, Morose, full of Delays and Hopes,
 Opprest with Riches, which they dare not use ;
 Ill-natur'd Censors of the present Age,
 And fond of all the Follies of the past.
 Thus all the Treasures of our flowing Years,
 Our Ebb of Life for ever takes away.
 Boys must not have the ambitious Care of Men,
 Nor Men the weak Anxieties of Age :
 Some things are acted, others only told ;
 But what we hear, moves less than what we see :
 Spectators only have their Eyes to trust,
 But Auditors must trust their Ears and you ;
 Yet there are things improper for a Scene,
 Which Men of Judgment only will relate.
Medea must not draw her Murdering Knife,
 And spill her Childrens Blood upon the Stage,

Nor

Nor *Atræus* there his horrid Feast prepare,
Cadmus's and *Progene's Metamorphosis*,
 (She to a Swallow turn'd he to a Snake)
 And whatsoever contradicts my Sense,
 I hate to see, and never can believe.
 Five Acts are the just Measure of a Play,
 Never presume to make a God appear,
 But for a Business worthy of a God,
 And in one Scene no more than three should speak.
 A *Chorus* should supply what Action wants,
 And hath a generous and Manly Part ;
 Bridles wild Rage, loves rigid Honesty,
 And strict Observance of impartial Laws,
 Sobriety, Security, and Peace,
 And begs the Gods to turn blind Fortune's Wheel,
 To raise the Wretched, and pull down the Proud.
 But nothing must be sung between the Acts,
 But what way conduces to the Plot.
 First the shrill Sound of a small rural Pipe,
 (Not loud like Trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
 Was Entertainment for the Infant Stage,
 And pleas'd the thin and bashful Audience
 Of our well-meaning frugal Ancestors.
 But when our Walls and Limits were enlarg'd,
 And Men (grown wanton by Prosperity)
 Studied new Arts of Luxury and Ease,
 The Verse, the Musick, and the Scenes improv'd ;
 For how should Ignorance be judge of Wit,
 Or Men of Sense applaud the Jest of Fools ?
 Then came rich Cloths and graceful Action in,
 Then Instruments were taught more moving Notes,
 And Eloquence with all our Pomp and Charms,
 Foretold as useful and sententious Truths,
 As those delivered by the *Delphick* God :
 The first Tragedians found that serious Stile
 To grave for their uncultivated Age,
 And so brought wild and naked Satyrs in,
 (Whose Motion, Words, and Shape were all a Farce

(As oft as Decency would give them leave)
 Because the mad ungovernable Rout,
 Full of Confusion, and the Fumes of Wine,
 Lov'd such Variety, and antick Tricks.
 But then they did not wrong themselves so much,
 To make a God, a Hero, or a King,
 (Stripp'd of his Golden Crown, and purple Robe)
 Descend to a Methanick Dialect,
 Nor to avoid such meanness) soaring high,
 With empty Sound, and Airy Notions fly ;
 For Tragedy should blush as much to stoop
 To the low mimick Follies of a Farce,
 As a grave Matron would to dance with Girls.
 You must not think that a Satyrick Stile
 Allows of scandalous and brutish Words,
 Or the confounding of your Characters.
 Begin with Truth, then give Invention Scope,
 And if your Stile be natural and smooth,
 All Men will try, and hope to write as well,
 And (not without much Pains) be undeceiv'd.
 So much good Method and Connexion, may
 Improve the common, and the plainest Things.
 A Satyr, that comes staring from the Woods,
 Must not at first speak like an Orator ;
 But though his Language should not be refin'd,
 It must not be Obscene and Impudent ;
 The better sort abhors Scurrility,
 And often censures what the Rabble likes.
 Unpolish'd Verses pass with many Men,
 And *Rome* is too Indulgent in that Point ;
 But then, to write at a loose rambling Rate,
 In hope the World will wink at all our Faults,
 Is such a rash, ill-grounded Confidence,
 As Men may pardon, but will never praise.
 Consider well the *Greek* Originals,
 Read them by day, and think of them by Night.
 But *Plantus* was admir'd in former time :
 With too much Patience (not to call it worse)

His harsh, unequal Verse, was Musick then,
 And Rudeness had the Priviledge of Wit :
 When *Thespis* first expos'd the Tragick Muse,
 Rude were the Actors, and a Cart the Scene,
 Where ghastly Faces, stain'd with Lees of Wine,
 Frighted the Children, and amus'd the Crowd :
 This *Aeschylus* (with Indignation) saw,
 And built a Stage, found out a decent Dress,
 Brought Vizards in, a civiler Disguise)
 And taught Men how to speak, and how to act.
 Next Comedy appear'd with great Applause,
 Till her licentious and abusive Tongue,
 Wakened the Magistrates coercive Power,
 And forc'd it to suppress her Insolence.
 Our Writers have attempted every way,
 And they deserve our Praise, whose daring Muse
 Disdain'd to be beholden to the *Greeks*,
 And found fit Subjects for her Verse at home;
 Nor should we be less Famous for our Wit,
 Than for the Force of our victorious Arms;
 But that the Time and Care, that are requir'd
 To overlook, and file, and polish well,
 Fright Poets from then necessary Toil.
Democritus was so in love with Wit,
 And some Mens natural Impulse to write,
 That he despis'd the help of Art and Rules,
 And thought none Poets till their Brains were crack'd:
 And this hath so intoxicated some,
 That to appear incorrigibly Mad)
 They Cleanliness and Company renounce;
 For Lunacy, beyond the Cure of Art,
 With a long Beard, and ten long dirty Nails,
 Pass currant for *Apollo's* Livery.
 O my unhappy Stars ! if in the Spring
 Some Phylick had not cur'd me of the Spleen,
 None would have writ with more Success than I;
 But I am satisfied to keep my Sense,
 And only serve to whet that VVit in you,

To

To which I willingly resign my Claim.
 Yet without writing, I may teach to write,
 Tell what the Duty of a Poet is ;
 VVherein his VVealth and Ornament consist,
 And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd ;
 VVhat fit, what not, what excellent or ill,
 Sound Judgment is the Ground of VVriting well :
 And when Philosophy directs your Choice,
 To proper Subjects rightly understood,
 Words from your Pen will naturally flow :
 He only gives the proper Characters,
 Who knows the Duty of all Ranks of Men,
 And what we owe to Country, Parents Friends,
 How Judges, and how Senators should act,
 And what becomes a General to do ;
 Those are the likeliest Copies which are drawn
 By the Original of Human Life.
 Sometimes in roud hand undigested Plays,
 We meet with such a lucky Character,
 As being humour'd right, and well pursu'd
 Succeeds much better than the shallow Verse,
 And chiming Trifles of more studious Pens,
Greece had a Genius, *Greece* had Eloquence,
 For her Ambition and her End was Fame.
 Our *Roman* Youth is bred another way,
 And taught no Arts but those of Usury ;
 And the glad Father glories in his Child,
 When he can subdivide a Fraction.
 Can Souls, who by their Parents from their Birth,
 Have been devoted thus to Rust and Gain,
 Be capable of high and generous Thoughts ?
 Can Verses writ by such an Author, live ?
 But you (brave Youth) wise *Numa's* worthy Heir,
 Remember of what Weight your Judgment is,
 And never venture to commend a Book,
 That has not pass'd all Judges, and all Tests.
 A Poet should instruct, or please, or both :
 Let all your Precepts be succinct and clear,

That ready Wits may comprehend them soon,
 And faithful Memories retain them long;
 For Superfluities are soon forgot.
 Never be so conceited of your Parts,
 To think you may perswade us what you please,
 Or venture to bring in a Child alive,
 That Canibals have murther'd and devour'd.
 Old Age explodes all but Morality;
 Austerity offends aspiring Youths;
 But he that joyns Instructions with delight,
 Profit with Pleasure carries all the Votes,
 These are the Volumes that enrich the Shops;
 These pass with Admiration through the World,
 And bring their Author an eternal Fame,
 Be not too rigidly censorious,
 A String may jarr in the best Master's Hand,
 And the most skilful Archer mils his Aim:
 But in a Poem elegantly writ,
 I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,
 Such as our Nature's Frailty may excuse;
 But he that hath been often told his Fault,
 And still persists, is as impertinent
 As a Musician, that will always play,
 And yet is always out at the same Note;
 When such a positive abandon'd Fop,
 (Among his numerous Absurdities)
 Stumbles upon some tolerable Line,
 I fret to see them in such Company,
 And wonder by what Magick they came there.
 But in long Works, Sleep will sometimes surprize;
Romer himself had been observ'd to Nod.
 Poems (like Pictures are of different Sorts,
 Some better at a distance, others near;
 Some love the dark, some chuse the clearest Light,
 And boldly challenge the most piercing Eye;
 Some please for once, some will for ever please;
 But *Piso* (tho' your own Experience,
 Join'd with your Father's Precepts make you wise

Re-

Remember this as an important Truth;
 Some things admit of Mediocrity;
 A Counsellor or Pleader at the Bar,
 May want *Messala's* powerful Eloquence,
 Or be less read than deep *Cassellius*;
 Yet this indifferent Lawyer is esteem'd;
 But no Authority of Gods nor Men,
 Allow of any Mean in Poesy.
 As an ill Consort, and a course Perfume,
 Disgrace the Delicacy of a Feast,
 And might with more Discretion have been spai'd,
 So Poesy whose End is to delight,
 Admits of no Degrees, but must be still
 Sublimely good, or despicably ill.
 In other things, Men have some Reason left;
 And one that cannot Dance, or Fence, or Run,
 Despairing of Success, forbears to try;
 But all (without Consideration write;
 Some thinking that th' Omipotence of Wealth
 Can turn them into Poets when they please.
 But *Piso*, you are of too quick a Sight,
 Not to discern which way your Talent lies,
 Or vainly struggle with your Genius;
 Yet if it ever be your Fate to write,
 Let your Productions pass the strictest Hands,
 Mine and the Father's, and not see the Light,
 'Till Time and Care have ripen'd every Line.
 What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
 But Words once spoke, can never be recall'd.
Orpheus inspir'd by more than Human Power,
 Did not (as Poets feign) tame Savage-Beasts,
 But Men as lawless, and as wild as they,
 And first dissuaded from that Rage and Blood.
 Thus when *Amphion* built the *Theban* Wall,
 They feign'd the Stones, obey'd his magick Lute;
 Poets the first Instructors of Mankind,
 Brought all Things to their proper native Use;
 Some they appropriated to the Gods,

And

And some to publick, some to private Ends:
Promiscuous love, by marriage was restrain'd,
Cities were built, and useful Laws were made;
So ancient is the pedigree of Verse,
And so Divine a Poets Function.

Then *Homer's* and *Tyrtæus* martial Muse,
Waken'd the World, and sounded loud Alarms.
To Verse we owe the sacred Oracles,
And our best Precepts of Morality:

Some have by Verse obtain'd the love of Kings,
(Who, with the Muses ease their wearied Minds)

Then blush not noble *Piso* to protect,
What Gods inspire, and Kings delight to hear.

Some think, that Poets may be form'd by Art,
Others maintain, that Nature makes them so:

I neither see what Art without a Vein,
Nor Wit without the help of Art, can do;

But mutually they need each others Aid.

He that intends to gain the *Olympick* Prize,
Must use himself to Hunger, Heat and Cold,
Take leave of Wine, and the soft Joys of Love:

And no Musician dares pretend to Skill,
Without a great Expence of Time and Pains;

But every little busy Scribler now
Swells with the Praises which he gives himself;

And taking Sanctuary in the Crowd,
Braggs of his Impudence, and scorns to mend.

A wealthy Poet takes more Pains to hire
A flatt'ring Audience, than poor Tradesmen do

To persuade Customers to buy their Goods,
Tis hard to find a Man of great Estate,

That can distinguish Flatterers from Friends.
Never delude your self, nor read your Book

Before a brib'd and fawning Auditor;
For he'll commend and feign an Extasy,

Grow pale to weep, do any thing to please;
True Friends appear less mov'd, than counterfeits,

As Men that truly grieve at Funerals,
Are not so loud, as those that cry for Hire.

Wise were the Kings, who never chose a Friend
Till with full Cups they had unmask'd his Soul,

And seen the bottom of his deepest Thoughts.
You cannot arm your self with too much Care

Against the Smiles of a designing Knave.
Quintilius (if his Advice were ask'd)

Would freely tell you what you should correct,
Or (if you could not) bid you blot it out,

And

And with more care supply the Vacancy;
 But if he found you fond and obstinate,
 (And apter to defend, than mend your Faults)
 With Silence leave you to admire your self,
 And without Rival hug your darling Book.
 The prudent Care of an impartial Friend,
 Will give you notice of each idle Line ;
 Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants Ornament,
 Or where it is too lavishly bestowed ;
 Make you explain all that he finds obscure,
 And with a strict enquiry, mark your Faults ;
 Nor for these Trifles fear to lose your Love :
 Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,
 Will be of serious Consequence to you,
 When they have made you once ridiculous.
 A mad Dog's Foam, th' Infection of the Plague,
 And all the Judgments of the angry Gods,
 We are not all more heedfully to shun,
 Than Poetasters in their raging Fits,
 Follow'd and pointed at by Fools and Boys ;
 But dreaded and proscrib'd by Men of Sense :
 If in the raving of a frantick Muse,
 And minding more his Verses, than his Way,
 Any of these should drop into a Well,
 Tho' he must burst his Lungs to call for Help,
 No Creature would assist or pity him,
 But seem to think he fell on purpose in.
 Hear how an old *Scicilian* Poet died ;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a God,
 In a cold Fit leap'd into *Etna's* Flames.
 Give Poets leave to make themselves away.
 Why should it be a greater Sin to kill,
 Than to keep Men alive against their Will ?
 Nor was this Chance, but a delib'rate Choice ;
 For if *Empedocles* were now reviv'd.
 He would be at his Frolick once again,
 And his Pretensions to Divinity.
 'Tis hard to say, whether for Sacrilege,
 Or Incest, or some more unheard of Crime,
 The Rhiming Fiend is sent into these Men ;
 But they are all most visibly possess'd ;
 And like a baited Bear, when he breaks loose,
 Without Distinction seize on all they meet ;
 None ever escap'd, that came within their Reach,
 Sticking like Leeches, till they burst with Blood :
 Without Remorse, insatiably they read,
 And never leave 'till they have read Men dead,